For though mine enemy thou hast ever beene,
High sparkes of honour in thee I have seene.

Enter Exton with a Coffin.

Exton. Great King, within this Coffin I present
Thy buried feare. Herein all breathlesse lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies
Richard of Burdeaux, by me hither brought.

Bul. Exton, I thanke thee not, for thou hast wrought
A deed of slaughter, with thy fatall hand.
Vpon my head, and all this famous Land.

Ex. From your owne mouth my Lord, did I this deed.

Bul. They love not poyson, that doe poyson need,
Nor doe I thee: though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murtherer, love him murthered.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neyther my good word, nor Princely favour.
VVith *Caine* goe wander through the shade of night,
And never shew thy head by day, nor light.
Lords, I protest my soule is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me, and make me grow,
Come mourne with me, for that I doe lament,
And put on sullen blacke incontinent:
Ile make a voyage to the Holy-land.
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand
March sadly after, grace my mourning here,
In weeping after this untimely beere. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22313) LONDON, 1634 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.45)